

Good Morning 614

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FISHING WILL STAGE A BIG COME BACK

IT has taken a war to make the people of Britain realise how much fish meant to them. After the war there will be no fish queues, but also, it is hoped, there will be no catches dumped in the sea because there is no market. Fish will

undoubtedly play an even more important part in our diet. Before the war, consumption was 32lb. a head a year.

If we could raise that high figure still higher in, say, the 52lb. per head of Sweden, half the complex problems of the fishing industry would disappear.

Meat and other imported foods are likely to be short for years to come, so that the market prospects for fish at home are good.

In the best days of the British fishing industry, in 1913, when 1,170,000 tons of fish were landed, we had an export trade running into millions for kippered, salted and "red" herrings. The great market was the Continent.

The last war "killed" the export, and afterwards disturbed conditions on the Continent, and the mania for economic self-sufficiency prevented the trade from reviving. After the present war a starving Europe will desperately need food.

The bounteous harvest of herrings should help to feed the Baltic states and the Mediterranean countries, where herrings are appreciated as the most nutritious food for the money obtainable. We could do with all the timber and citrus fruits, currants, etc., these countries could send in return.

Another important factor which suggests the British fishing industry has a chance of staging a great "come-back" is that many fishing grounds have had a rest for five years or more.

This means not only that catches will be far heavier, at least in the years immediately following the war, but also that the fish will be larger and of better quality.

Britain has been given by Nature an unrivalled position as a fishing country, for she is in the middle of the richest fishing grounds in the world. Iceland is also well-placed, but has nothing approaching the herring harvest which centuries ago founded the prosperity of the Baltic ports, and later, when the herrings began to come across the North Sea, brought wealth to Yarmouth and a dozen East Coasts Ports.

Plans are being made for the construction of new fishing vessels which will not only provide better quarters for the crew and better wages, but also

enable a greater part of the catch to be utilised.

One Lancashire fishing firm has already announced that it will construct two super-trawlers costing £65,000 each, as well as four smaller ones costing about £40,000 each.

These vessels will carry refrigerating machinery, embodying considerable improvements made during the war. The new "deep freezing" process will enable fish to be stored for a fortnight or more, and yet come to the market absolutely fresh. They will probably also have new plant for dealing with fish-livers, a valuable by-product.

Unless these are treated while fresh, the oil cannot become first-grade medical oil, but can only be used industrially. The trend in due course will probably be towards building huge "floating factories," like those used for whaling.

On these, fish would be smoked, canned, or treated as

Britain lies in the middle of the richest fishing grounds in the world, and plans have been made to give a lasting prosperity to the industry, says T. S. Douglas.

would, in turn, supply them with fuel, food, and so on.

The war has taught the English housewife to be less fussy. One of the many difficulties of the fishing industry was that the housewife preferred stale plaice or sole to really fresh cod, and would not eat a whole range of fish at all. During the war she has been glad to get "rock salmon," a name that covers a number of fish, and found it good. Some of the local preferences have disappeared, and this will make marketing and distribution easier.

Looking further ahead, the remarkable experiments in "farming" fish carried out at Loch Craige are likely to bear fruit. In brief, these experiments have shown that by supplying artificial nutrients to sea water—phosphates, and nitrates like those used for fertilising the soil—the rate of growth of fish can be greatly speeded-up, and the number of fish that a given area of water can support greatly increased.

The experiments have now been extended to a larger loch, and the indications are that they might be successful in improving the inshore fisheries.

The long rest which fishing grounds have had will result in their yielding more heavily. But as we have seen in the past, the yield constantly tends to diminish, so that more and more expensive fishing gear has to be used. The catch is kept up by more and more work, but the wages and profits always fall.

There have been a score of inquiries and commissions, but it is only recently that the real heart of what is called "the over-fishing problem" has been discovered.

In a nutshell, it is that unlimited fishing or "free" fishing always becomes unprofitable or inefficient fishing. The marine biologists and experts can now, more or less, determine what is the "efficient" catch from a given area—the catch that can be taken year after year without diminution of the stock.

The great stumbling block is, of course, that restriction of the catch so as to make fishing profitable (or efficient) must be by international agreement. For British fishermen to restrict their catch on certain grounds would be absurd unless other nations agreed to do the same. The United Nations are agreeing to act together in so many ways that there seems a real chance for the first time of agreement on the scientific limiting of fishing, not to keep up the market price of fish but to maintain the stock of fish in the sea.

An agreement has been reached about the catch of whales for the same reason. International agreement might mean there would be fewer men in the industry—we are unlikely with modern methods ever to get back to the 1914 figure of 80,000 fishermen. But it means that the fewer men would get good wages for their arduous work, and that the maximum amount of fish would be caught with the minimum of effort.

The problems of "surplus" fish should never worry us again, for even if all the fish cannot always be used as food, modern synthetic chemistry has shown how it can be utilised for many purposes, from the manufacture of fibres for textiles to the preparation of concentrated proteins, giving a cheap substitute for butter etc.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

TURNBULL, of the Isle of Man, gives me this story: Hero of many Submarine exploits, Captain Ben Bryant, D.S.O., D.S.C., now a Commander of a Submarine Depot ship, recently had a nasty experience on a Scottish mountain, which shook him considerably.

Enjoying a few days' respite from duty, he went out with some friends deer shooting on a Scottish moor. The party got separated, and the mist descended, as habitually happens in Bonnie Scotland, and Captain Bryant was lost.

It was some weary and exhausting hours before he was eventually located and brought to the shelter of a cottage, safe but tired out.

He made light of the experience, but admitted "It was not pleasant."

The Captain and his wife have been lately spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bryant, at Ramsey, Isle of Man. Both his father and mother are keen amateur gardeners, father finding his greatest delight in fat cabbages and well finished onions, and mother in her lovely flower garden.

Captain Bryant's brother, a Lieut.-Colonel in the R.A.M.C., has also been home on leave lately for the first time in over four years. He is in charge of a field research laboratory, and has seen service in a good many countries since the war began.

THE King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following appointment to the Distinguished Service Order and to approve the following Reward and Awards:

For outstanding courage, skill and determination in one of H.M. Submarines in successful patrols in Far Eastern waters:

Bar to D.S.O.
Comdr. William Donald Aelian King, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.
Acting Lieut.-Comdr. (E) Henry Thompson Meadows, R.N.R.

D.S.M.
C.P.O. Ernest Frederick Jerrum, E.A. William Fisk, and L.S. Edwin Fisher.

Mention in Despatches.
Lieut. John Henry Newman

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



The parents of Electrical Engineer W. Victor Fry, R.N., received the D.S.M. awarded posthumously to their son, who served in submarines. The father was in submarines in 1914-18, and won four decorations.

Pope, R.N., P.O. Francis Raymond McGrail, S.P.O. Edward Gray, and Stoker Joseph Hunt. Taking that from the "London Gazette," we add hearty congratulations.

THE Ministry of Information in a Press hand out, says: Baulked by an anti-torpedo boom as he was closing to attack a Japanese coastal convoy in the Malacca Straits recently, the Commanding Officer of a British submarine shelled the convoy instead across the boom, leaving a large coaster blazing and sinking another vessel.

"I intended to carry out a torpedo attack while submerged on the largest ship in the convoy," said Lieutenant G. S. C. Clarabut, D.S.O., R.N., the Commanding Officer of the submarine, on his return from patrol.

"But this intention was thwarted by an anti-torpedo boom, so I decided to close the boom while submerged, and then surface and gun them."

"We surfaced, but before we could open fire we had to dive again, because of an enemy aircraft passing overhead. Apparently he did not see us, so we surfaced again and opened fire across the boom."

"There were twelve ships in the convoy, including a big coastal vessel and a large and assorted collection of supply craft and landing craft."

"Nearly all the counter-fire came from the shore, though some of the smaller craft put up intense machine-gun fire. A heavy automatic of about Bofors calibre straddled the submarine several times."

"But when we brought our Oerlikon gun into action, the smaller craft scattered in confusion."

"Machine-gun fire then stopped in our direction, but the enemy craft went on firing at each other," continued Lieutenant Clarabut, who lives at Higham, near Rochester, Kent.

"Our main target was the big coaster, which we left blazing from end to end. Another vessel disintegrated on being hit by a shell, and damage was suffered by most of the other craft."

"Eventually, we expended all our ammunition, and as we had fought the last part of the action running parallel to the boom in 24 feet of water, I decided to call it a day."

"So with a sigh of relief all round, speed was increased to full and the submarine headed for deep water."

A Question for A.B. Teddy Corral



THERE is a big family awaiting your return at 45 Water Lane, Stratford, E.15, A.B. Teddy Corral.

We found only four of them at home when we called there recently, but we were told that all the others are keeping well, and are always thinking of you.

David, Doreen, Doris, Valerie, Donald and Gwen are all hoping it won't be long before you are at home again, and although Elsie seems to like all the boys, we have an idea she would rather have you home than any of the others.

Brother Harry is still with the Army in Italy, and he, too, is looking forward to the day when he can get together with you again. Your mother told us that she hears from

Ada quite often, but she thought you would already have had all the news from Wales.

By the way, Teddy, whom did you use to go to the Forest Gate ice rink and the Bow Palais with? Your mother didn't seem to know, and we can't really say she seemed worried about it, but she would like to know, even if just for curiosity's sake.

Do you ever get a chance to practise on the piano these days, Teddy? If you do, we hope you're not still dreaming of a white Christmas.

From Sally the cat and Bob the dog, and from all the family at home and abroad come best wishes for you, Teddy, and their hopes for your speedy return.

"She'll be coming down the mountain, when she comes"

JOHN ARMSTRONG and Mlle. Giraud rode among the Andean peaks, enveloped in their greatness and sublimity.

The mightiest cousins, furthest removed, in nature's great family become conscious of the tie. Among those huge piles of primordial upheaval, amid those gigantic silences and elongated fields of distance the littleness of men are precipitated as one chemical throws down a sediment from another. They moved reverently, as in a temple. Their souls were uplifted in unison with the stately heights. They travelled in a zone of majesty and peace.

To Armstrong the woman seemed almost a holy thing.

Yet bathed in the white, still dignity of her martyrdom that purified her earthly beauty and gave out, it seemed, an aura of transcendent loveliness, in those first hours of companionship she drew from him an

Concluding O. HENRY'S "A Matter of Mean Elevation"

adoration that was half human love, half the worship of a descended goddess.

Never yet since her rescue had she smiled. Over her dress she still wore the robe of leopard skins, for the mountain air was cold. She looked to be some splendid princess belonging to those wild and awesome altitudes, the spirit of the region chimed with hers. Her eyes were always turned upon the sombre cliffs, the blue gorges and the snow-clad turrets, looking a sublime melancholy equal to their own. At times on the journey she sang

thrilling to deums and miseries that struck the true note of the hills, and made their route seem like a solemn march down a cathedral aisle.

The rescued one spoke but seldom, her mood partaking of the hush of nature that surrounded them. Armstrong looked upon her as an angel. He could not bring himself to the sacrilege of attempting to woo her as other women may be wooed.

On the third day they had descended as far as the *tierra templada*, the zone of the table lands and foot hills. The mountains were receding in their rear, but still towered, exhibiting yet impressively their formidable heads.

Here they met signs of man. They saw the white houses of coffee plantations gleam across the clearings. They struck into a road where they met travellers and pack-mules.

Cattle were grazing on the slopes. They passed a little village where the round-eyed *ninos* shrieked and called at sight of them.

Mlle. Giraud laid aside her leopard-skin robe. It seemed to be a trifle incongruous now. In the mountains it had appeared fitting and natural. And if Armstrong was not mistaken she laid aside with it something

of the high dignity of her demeanour.

As the country became more populous and significant of comfortable life, he saw, with a feeling of joy, that the exalted princess and priestess of the Andean peaks was changing to a woman—an earth woman, but no less enticing. A little colour crept to the surface of her marble cheek. She arranged the conventional dress that the removal of the robe now disclosed with the solicitous touch of one who is conscious of the eyes of others.

She smoothed the careless sweep of her hair. A mundane interest, long latent in the chilling atmosphere of the ascetic peaks, showed in her eyes.

This thaw in his divinity sent Armstrong's heart going faster. So might an Arctic explorer thrill at his first ken of green fields and lustrous waters. They were on a lower plane of earth and life and were succumbing to its peculiar, subtle influence. The austerity of the hills no longer thinned the air they breathed. About them was the breath of fruit and corn and builded homes, the comfortable smell of smoke and warm earth and the consolations man has placed between himself and the dust of his brother earth from which he sprung.

While traversing those awful mountains, Mlle. Giraud had seemed to be wrapped in their spirit of reverent reserve. Was this that same woman—now palpitating, warm, eager, throbbing with conscious life and charm, feminine to her finger-tips? Pondering over this, Arm-



"CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING BUT READ — ?!"

QUIZ for today

1. Sanicle is a disinfectant, plant, pious man, Greek philosopher, coarse sugar?
2. What is the difference between (a) oriole, (b) oriel?
3. Grandsire Triples are triplets born to a grandfather, a three-cornered contest for old men, a peal of bells?
4. What is a Lincoln Red?

5. What number is ignored in the game of baccarat?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?
Tennyson, Bridges, Wordsworth, Shelly, Dryden, Southey, Austin.

Answers to Quiz in No. 613

1. Piece of rich ore.
2. (a) Positive, (b) Exact.
3. Stonyhurst School, 1795.
4. J. M. W. Turner, because he consorted with his landlady, Mrs. Booth.
5. Tibet.
6. Gorton is a women's college; others are men's.

strong felt certain misgivings Mlle. Giraud gave a little intrude upon his thoughts. He wished he could stop there with this changing creature, descending no farther. Here was the elevation and environment to which her nature seemed to respond with its best. He feared to go down upon the man-dominated levels. Would her spirit not yield still further in that artificial zone to which they were descending?

Now from a little plateau they saw the sea flash at the edge of the green lowlands.

"It was very nice of you to bring me away. Tell me, (Continued on Page 3)

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



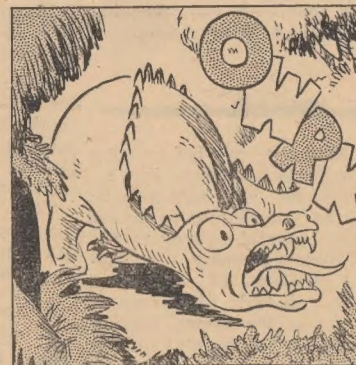
IT is announced that the buildings of Lancing College, Sussex, which had been requisitioned by the Government, are being released, and the school, which has been housed in four country houses in Shropshire, will return to its old home in May. During the last year the numbers have risen rapidly, and last year's entry of new boys was the highest since 1926. The school will return with a total of almost as many boys as were evacuated in 1940.

The school was forced to leave Sussex in 1940. At the beginning of July part of the school went to Denstone, Staffordshire, for the remainder of the term, and the other part to Ellesmere, Shropshire; and the four country houses came into occupation from September, 1940.

The parish church of Richard Castle has been used as the central chapel of the school, but each house has also had its own domestic chapel. The return of the buildings has come at an opportune moment, as the present buildings in Shropshire would not accommodate the increased numbers entered for next year.

The school keeps its centenary in 1948, and a centenary fund has been opened, the first aim of which is the firm re-establishing of Lancing College in its own home.

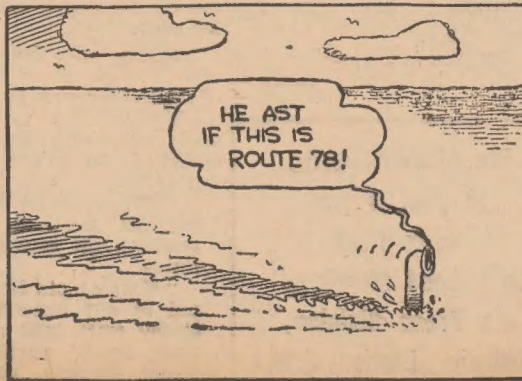
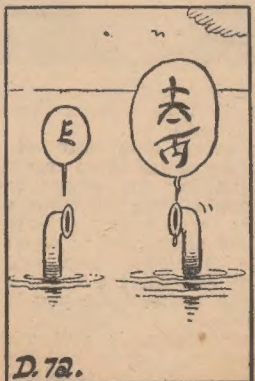
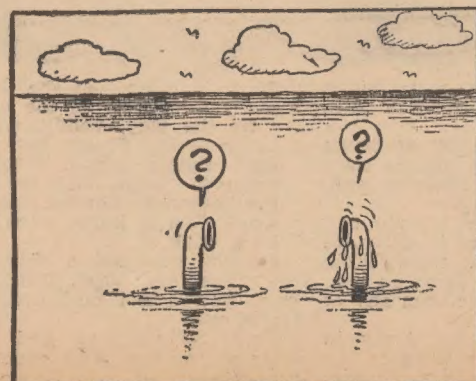
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



NEARLY ten million Americans hear one or more British programmes in the course of a week. This is shown by a national survey made last September amongst a cross-section of the adult population, of the extent of listening and the reactions to six B.B.C. programmes which are picked up by American stations and broadcast locally.

The programmes are "Radio Newsreel," "Transatlantic Call," "London Column," "American Eagle in Britain," "Transatlantic Quiz," and "Atlantic Spotlight." One or more of these, the survey revealed, were listened to during the week in question by about 14 per cent. of the estimated 71 million adults in the U.S.A. who own radio sets.

WANGLING WORDS—553

1. Behead an odd number and make it even.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Toncten si si chir eh.
3. What common bird has W for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He felt very — from his chair and slammed the door.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 552

1. S-laughter.
2. The customer is always right.
3. WedGWood.
4. Stud, dust.

JANE



Upon her lap rested a guitar. In her face was the light of resurrection, the peace of clysim attained through fire and suffering. She was singing to a lively accompaniment a little song:

"When you see de big round moon
Comin' up like a balloon,
Dis nigger skips fur to kiss
de lips
Of his stylish, black-faced
coon."

The singer caught sight of Armstrong.

"Hi! there, Johnny," she called. "I've been expecting you for an hour. What kept you? Gee! but these smoked guys are the slowest you ever saw. They ain't on, at all. Come along in, and I'll make this coffee-coloured sport with the gold epau-

lettes open one for you right off the ice."

"Thank you," said Armstrong, "not just now. I believe. I've several things to attend to."

He walked out and down the street, and met Rucker coming up from the Consulate.

"Play you a game of billiards," said Armstrong. "I want something to take the taste of the sea level out of my mouth."

THE END

A Matter of Mean Elevation

(Continued from Page 2)

Mr. Armstrong — honestly, now—do I look such an awful, awful fright? I haven't looked into a mirror, you know, for months."

Armstrong made answer according to his changed moods. Also he laid his hand upon hers as it rested upon the horn of her saddle. Luis was at the head of the pack train and could not see. She allowed it to remain there, and her eyes smiled frankly into his.

Then at sundown they dropped upon the coast level under the palms and lemons among the vivid greens and scarlets and ochres of the tierra caliente. They rode into Macuto, and saw the line of volatile bathers frolicking in the surf. The mountains were very far away.

Mlle. Giraud's eyes were shining with a joy that could not have existed under the chaperonage of the mountain-tops.

There were other spirits calling to her—nymphs of the

orange groves, pixies from the chattering surf, imps, born of the music, the perfumes, colours and the insinuating presence of humanity.

She laughed aloud, musically, at a sudden thought.

"Won't there be a sensation?" she called to Armstrong. "Don't I wish I had an engagement just now, though! What a picnic the press agent would have! 'Held a prisoner by a band of savage Indians subdued by the spell of her wonderful voice'—wouldn't that make great stuff? But I guess I quit the game winner, anyhow—there ought to be a couple of thousand dollars in that sack of gold dust I collected as encores, don't you think?"

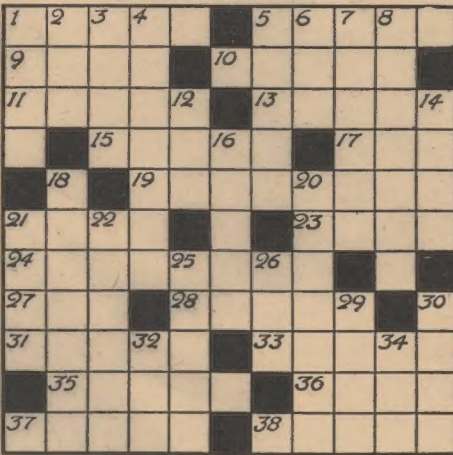
He left her at the door of the little Hotel de Buen Descansar, where she had stopped before. Two hours later he returned to the hotel. He glanced in at the open door of the little combined reception room and cafe.

Half-a-dozen of Macuto's representative social and official caballeros were distributed about the room. Señor Villablanca, the wealthy rubber concessionist, reposed his fat figure on two chairs, with an emollient smile beaming upon his chocolate-coloured face. Guilbert, the French mining engineer, leered through his polished nose-glasses. Colonel Mendez, of the regular army, in gold-laced uniform and fatuous grin, was busily extracting corks from champagne bottles. Other patterns of Macutian gallantry and fashion pranced and posed. The air was hazy with cigarette smoke. Wine dripped upon the floor.

Perched upon a table in the centre of the room, in an attitude of easy pre-eminence, was Mlle. Giraud. A chic costume of white lawn and cherry ribbons supplanted her travelling garb.

There was a suggestion of lace, and a frill or two, with a discreet, small implication of hand-embroidered pink hosiery.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ravine.
- 5 Covenants.
- 9 Den.
- 10 Foolishness.
- 11 Proffer.
- 13 Tapering structure.
- 15 Reproach.
- 17 Horse.
- 19 Breaking.
- 21 Venture.
- 23 Deeds.
- 24 Worker.
- 27 Perplex.
- 28 Slim girl.
- 31 Baffles.
- 33 Single woman.
- 35 Daub.
- 36 Slide over.
- 37 Weak and lanky.
- 38 Walks.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Flameless light.
- 2 Lout.
- 3 Split.
- 4 Steamer fireman.
- 5 Places of duty.
- 6 Mountain peak.
- 7 Sickbed class.
- 8 Oppressors.
- 12 Drink.
- 14 Roe.
- 16 Trim.
- 18 Red Indian child.
- 20 Musician.
- 21 Take off.
- 22 Method of rule.
- 25 Metal trial.
- 26 Former.
- 29 Fish.
- 30 Wedges.
- 32 Guided.
- 34 Squeeze.

SOUR FLARED
OPPOSE VIVA
AT DUD ABED
KIT MEDIA O
OUT RALLY
ANGULAR DUB
W TILTH KO
ARSON SALOP
ROARED FANE
DOT NUTTY E
SKEW GOSSIP

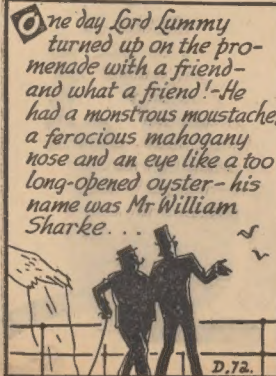
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



FAMILIAR PHRASES

explained by Jack Monk



Director Angle.

Alex Cracks

Once again, Paddy O'Flynn's quick fingers had got the better of him and the Father was giving him a serious talk. "O'Flynn, do you realise that in stealing cigarettes from a fellow being you have broken the Eighth Commandment?" "That I do, Father," said Paddy repentantly, "but I t'ot I might jist as well break the Eighth and have the fags as break the Tenth and covet them."

A novelist says we should not condemn the modern woman for the clothes she wears. We never worry over trifles.

Good Morning

"What is Georgia famous for?" "Please teacher—peaches." "Quite correct! Go to the top of the class, that boy." And here's the evidence, if you ever doubted it. This particular peach is Georgia Carroll who sings with Kay Kyser's Band.



THIS ENGLAND. There's magic abroad on one of these rare days in winter when the pale sunshine breaks through. It's a promise of the warmth that one day will flood the world again and the wonderful sense of well-being that will come with it. This quiet canal runs through Cassiobury Park at Watford.



Just look at the expression on the faces of those two! Kiddies make the grandest audience in the world—it does your heart good just to watch 'em. These two were held spellbound by a show in Battersea Park.

A lovely Parsi girl behind the chink of a verandah, where many a dark-eyed beauty can be glimpsed by the observant as he makes his way through the large towns of India. And even our worst enemies can't deny that we're observant!



FILM OF THE WEEK

It's called "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," and it looks very much as if Bobby Driscoll and Scottie have both made a good meal. It's a grand picture by 20th Century Fox.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've just had a 'Soldier for Sunday dinner'."

